

## Cool Midsummer Dresses

NEW YORK, July 28.—The women who are going down to the sea in yachts, or even the humble and comfortable cat boat, have in their sailing dress very nearly reconciled perfect comfort of raiment and beauty. Go the rounds of the resorts where Old Ocean and the ladies are enjoying one another's company and you cannot fail to remark that for deck and beach suits the heavy high collar is no more. All the most fashionable and undeniably most attractive little costumes of duck, pique or flannel are cut to give the throat perfect freedom, and, though it is entirely true that all women do not with equally satisfactory result endure this wholesale revelation of their necks, still many and lovely are the "pillars of ivory" revealed to an admiring public by this new mode.

In the beginning of things dressy this season all women laid in a stock of white clothes, and have worn them industriously, but as summer deepens femininity is irresistibly affected by the floral riot of color in nature and August promises to be as full of rich blues, glowing pinks, vivid reds and clear, cool greens as a ripe flower garden. Many shrewd, industrious girls have furnished up their white frocks with applications of colored braid and colored needlework edgings. Shirt waists are giving way all along the seacoast and colored flannel sail r blouses, which, with snowy pique petticoats, form the smartest gear on the sands. By way of a thorough-going yachting gown nothing is considered more graceful and tasteful than a pique skirt, all white, of course, save where it may possibly be shaped in flaps along the sides, and those flaps bound with gentian blue serge braid. Topping this off is a blouse of flannel, the same color as the skirt braid, having a wide collar of fine white embroidery falling over the shoulders in a jack tar square and cuffs of the same turned away from the wrist. For a fresh young face and slim young figure no gown could be more suitable.

Besides skillfully evading the heavy hot neckyoke to so noticeable an extent, the summer season has brought conspicuously forth a new millinery ornament, and far and wide hats are seen trimmed with calla lilies. The lily itself, having a cup of white velvet and a long pistil of yellow velvet, is made one-half the natural size of the stiff, handsome blossom, and the long, drooping green leaves that accompany it are enough in their luxuriant grace to decorate an entire hat. A pollen yellow bergere shape of straw is the frame to use for a lily hat, and with these chapeaux a pale pink chiffon veil, its edges lightly buttonholed, is sewed on to the brim all around. Not always is the veil used as a shield to the complexion; its modish use is as a soft brim edging, but its two long ends at the rear are crossed against the hair, and when brought forward and tied in front serve as strings and anchorage for the hat itself.

### Ornamental Hat Scarfs.

En passant it seems essential just now to give every hat, save the confessedly sporting headgear, a pair of strings. In the shops they are selling sets of them in innumerable styles. There are strings of lace and point esprit and black velvet ribbon with beaded ends, and broad chined limonsine ribbon

kerchief, in which feminine love of daintiness fairly revels. Every woman at present carries two. One in her pocket, a simple, serviceable linen hemstitched square bearing her initials, and that is to be used and not seen. The other is a tiny tuft of prettiness tucked into the wrist of her sleeve so that all its lacy edges are exposed to view. These sleeve handkerchiefs are called Desdemonas, and well may they arouse ill-feeling, if lost, mistaid or stolen, for some

clear pollen yellow velvet wheel, tied sometimes with an inside mist of chiffon of the same tint.

MARY DEAN.

## Living Fashion Models

Already the busy designers of lovely raiment are turning their thoughts and energies toward the distant autumn, and for the first fall days Redfern & Co. show a smart street or carriage suit in striped goods of his color. Over a floor-sweeping skirt falls a tunic garnished at shoulder and runs with a fringe of scallops bound with black velvet and headed by a gauging of delicate pink



A SUMMER DRESSING SACQUE.

of them cast a pretty penny. They are made of the finest white French handkerchief batiste, having a broadish frill of cream footing made fast about the edges by delicate buttonholing. Another type is scalloped in large shallow curves and just beaded with lace on the edges, while inside the handkerchief space the batiste is pierced with wee lace flowers. It would chill the purse of an economical individual to know the prices paid for some of these small mouchoirs, but the solace in their purchasing is they never wear out and are meant for show only.

Burned-brown is now the color that captivates all tastes and that promises to gain a great following when the autumn cloths come in. It is the one brown tone that does not make a skin grow sallow when in its neighborhood, and gloves of it, shoes, belts and straws as well, show, by their richly bronzed skins, what away the new color is already exerting. Among the paler blurred blue is rapidly superseding the pastel blues that came into large notice during the spring, and the last development in the silk dress is its many small flowers edged with fringe made of its own raveling.

### Revealed Edges Reign.

Very recently a most charming frock for a midsummer bride was made of ivory taffeta decorated with small flounces to the knees, in a full ruff over the shoulders and over the sleeves, and every flounce was raveled out on its edge for half an inch. The consequence was a costume unique in that it bore no lace about it, and that in its fringing whiteness it suggested some lovely deep sea flower rather than a creation of a human artist. This rarely pretty toilet was relieved on the left shoulder by the usual velvet bow. Indeed, what evening dress is now without its big looped and wired contrivance of tinted bias velvet at some point on the bodice? This bow seems an essential, for if you will closely observe the fashionable women after 6 o'clock p. m. you will not fail to remark that all, or nearly all, her dinner and dancing dresses are in one color. The modistes do not mix their tints for gaslight, and a study in blue, or green, or red, without the jar or contrast of another tone, is considered the acme of good taste.

The exception to this rule is the bow. On a blurred blue dress it is a bow of turquoise or powder or pertinkle blue velvet; if it is a pale green gown, but on a black or white gown, it can be what you please. The black lace dress is usually accompanied by a geranium end knot and a white lace or silk frock by a strong verberna pink, or

chiffon. This same motif appears at the foot of the skirt, and from a shoulder yoke of creamy lace rises a collar of crushed pink silk. White gloves and sun shade or heavy cream straw sailor are the proper details for such a suit.

Here is a truly lovely hat woven of green and white silk straw, from the millinery department of John Wanamaker's shop in New York. From the wide brim springs a crown of Tam o' Shanter shape, artfully bound by one loose twist of white taffeta that in front appears in a bow, as big and white as angel's wings. Just a glimpse, too, is afforded of a suitable gown for wear with such a hat. A fresh pretty frock of violet figured organdie, to which large lace figures are applied, and the yoke sleeves and collar are of white lace figured net enhanced with horizontal stitched bands of the sleeve colored goods.

Another picture shows a skirt and a summer dressing sacque from John Wanamaker's New York establishment. The skirt is a white taffeta silk petticoat garnished with six narrow taffeta flounces, each one edged with a line of narrow black and white silk ribbons. French figured dimity is the fabric of the dressing sacque. In pink and blue in a Marie Antoinette design is the flowery pattern carried out; a pink ribbon encircles the waist and wide frills of Valenciennes lace garnish neck, sleeves and skirt of sacque very charmingly.

Here is a little maid perfectly costumed for the summer and the country. Striped pink and white percale is what this gown from John Wanamaker's, New York, is composed of, the pink stripes running a la badeyer on the skirt, up and down on the waist and then around again on the wide pleated bertha. Over the percale shoulder ruff extends a broad bib of sweet white pique edged twice with pink cotton braid and braid again encircles the pique waist band of this truly child-like and pretty hot weather wash dress.

## A Mighty Huntress

There passed through New York the other day, enroute to her home in Cincinnati, an attractive looking young woman with a trunkful of trophies of her ability as a hunter of big game. Three tenanted cages also bore testimony to her prowess as a huntress. The wife of Thomas Lindsley, a mining engineer, her steady aim has won her honor as a rifle shot in the contests in which she has participated under the pseudonym of "Wanda," and now she has the added honor of being the first white

woman to penetrate the Guiana jungle. A leopard skin, the tusks, paws and brushes of other big game and the skins of snakes which she has brought home tell a story in themselves. The live trophies she has are a young ape, a still younger sloth and a wild parrot. How Mrs. Lindsley became a hunter of big game is thus told by herself:

"In Surinam, Dutch Guiana, you must know, if an Indian or a 'bush-nigger' promenade through sunshine clad in a handkerchief and a shoestring people would not even turn their heads to regard the curiosity, but the idea that a white woman should enter the jungle made them throw up their hands in holy horror. However, I went. A mulatto woman was my special attendant. A few of us embarked in a steam launch. The fifty negroes of the expedition were left to follow in canoes and mining boats in charge of a native foreman. 'I started out one morning to get some fresh meat for dinner. We hadn't tasted anything except canned corned beef for two weeks, and I was ready to take the first thing that offered itself. I had tipped along a trail for over a mile without seeing anything, when suddenly from directly overhead a dried twig landed at my feet. I looked up. The tree was an immense one, big enough to conceal a dozen droves of monkeys. I got a glimpse of a large brown body, however, high on an upper limb, and just then a familiar grunt told me the fellow was a baboon. Not daring to move for fear of noise, I tried the difficult shot of aiming straight up. There was a howl of pain and a crashing of boughs and limbs that warned me to jump from under. But the fellow caught himself, even as he fell, and before I could reload he him I heard him off like a streak. From limb to limb and tree to tree he swung himself, scouting along vines and bush rope like a scoured cat.

"Foolishly I left the narrow trail and followed wherever the big fellow overhead led the way. I soon saw he had the best of me in speed, therefore I followed stealthily, under cover, guided only by an occasional grunt and by the bending and rustling of the limbs on which he swung. Then it dawned on me that I was lost. I was on the point of giving up the chase when I saw the baboon had descended to the ground not 100 yards ahead. That was encouraging, for it proved that he was fatally wounded and was fast falling. I hastened forward under cover to get a final shot at the big chap. A fallen tree trunk lay between us within thirty yards of the wounded ape. Stooping, I was able to draw steadily closer without being observed. Then quickly, with my gun ready, I stepped over the trunk for an instant's aim. But I did not shoot. Despite my excitement my eyes were drawn downward behind me. There lay a splendid leopard within a yard of me. I had often been assured that no leopard will attack a human creature without serious provocation, but the surprise of that awful animal so close wrung a cry of terror out of me.

"The leopard, however, remained motionless, with not even a sign of surprise, but instinctively I wheeled about, and, poking the muzzle of my gun almost into his eye, fired. That is why the skin I showed you is somewhat spotted. The report of my gun, following so closely on my cry of fright, brought Mr. Lindsley to my side in a minute, for—and by this you may get an idea of the density of that jungle—without knowing it I had been led actually within forty yards of our camp."

## Heroine of the Rail

The heroism of Mrs. Nellie Sullivan prevented a disastrous wreck on the Chicago & Alton railroad in Illinois on the night of the 19th. But for her courage and forethought the fast train which goes through Springfield at 12:30 o'clock in the morning would have dashed into a gully north of Pontiac and the awful Chatsworth disaster might have been duplicated.

Mrs. Sullivan lives near the Chicago & Alton track, two miles north of Pontiac. Her husband was away from home Tuesday night and she was alone and when she awoke and saw a fire on the railway right of way at a gully near home, suddenly it occurred to



A WHITE AND GREEN EFFECT.

her that the trestle which spans the gully might be on fire.

It was yet dark, but a faint streak in the east proclaimed the hour when the early morning train would arrive. If the bridges had burned the train would dash into the gully with its load of human freight.

Springing from her bed and without waiting to change her nightgown for a dress she ran out of the house and saw that the wooden portion of the bridges were in flames.

Then she ran for the track, intent only upon saving the passenger train, which she knew must soon arrive. She soon heard the distant rumble of the on-coming train. Picking up one of the blazing beams that had fallen from the burning bridges the woman ran down the railroad track as if her life depended upon the speed she made. Engineer Smith, who was pulling the night mail train, had his engine running at high speed. Suddenly a light waved backward and forward on the track ahead. As quickly as possible he began to slow down the engine.

The fireman thrust his head out of the cab and exclaimed:

"It looks like a ghost."

Then the engineer saw that the signal was being wielded by the spectral appearing figure of a woman. A moment later, when the figure stepped from the track to allow the engine to slide slowly by, the engineer knew it was not a wraith, for Mrs. Sullivan, almost exhausted with the race she had made, was excitedly calling to him that the trestles ahead were afire.

The engineer brought his train to a stop and Conductor Roberts hastened forward to



AN OUTING COSTUME.

ascertain the cause. The sudden slowing of the train aroused the sleeping passengers and soon they learned the story of the woman's heroic deed and were piling off the train to thank their deliverer. But Mrs. Sullivan had hastened home to dress.

It is announced that the Chicago & Alton will handsomely reward Mrs. Sullivan for her heroism.

## Printing on Backgrounds

Often an amateur photographer finds it desirable to add a background to a portrait or group that he has taken. Printing in backgrounds, either natural or artificial, is not a difficult operation, and can be successfully accomplished after a little experimenting.

The mode of operation consists in obliterating any backgrounds of your figure by the use of any opaque color close to the figure or figures, and in printing them in proper position; second, in choosing a background which is lighted from the same side as the figures; and third, in cutting out masks of the figures slightly smaller than the originals.

Now, place your foreground negative into the printing frame and your figures over it and close. Cover, outside of the glass of your printing frame, the figures with your cut-out mask and expose to the light. The degree of the intensity of the background must be examined from time to time in order to get perfect harmony of tone between figures and background.

## Taking No Chances

Indianapolis News: "Now," said the enterprising interviewer, "please read this over and hold up your right hand."

"But," said the public man, "this is merely an interview."

"That's all it is now. But I thought it would be a good thing to be appointed a notary public. We've had too many denials, and this article's going to be an affidavit before it gets into the paper."



A WALKING GOWN.

with its ends and edges silkily raveled into fringe for the depth of an inch. There are also scores of ways of making strings ornamentally useful; by folding them round the throat and tying in a big fluffy bunch under one ear, or at the back of the neck, by letting the strings answer in place of a necktie, or by half draping them forward and pinning them, with a highly ornamental brooch as a big breast-knot of tulle, a little to one side.

Not less noticeable than the hat strings at this period, when the details of the toilet come out showily and strong, is the hand-